Charmian Kittredge London.

for the early native voyagers, navigating their great canoes by the stars, and white discoverers, like Cook and Vancouver, to introduce a large proportion of trees and plants, insects and pests. But there is no deadly thing in Hawaii. No snake exists and the centipede causes little discomfort.

Hawaii is a paradise, but a paradise for the well-to-do only. It is not a haven for labor, which toils long and assiduously and is usually not white. The great industries are sugar and pineapples. Both are practically monopolized by a small group of owners. The Sugar Planters' Association and its agencies control the islands. Hawaii is patriarchal rather than democratic. Its metal machinery is of the twentieth century; its mental and moral methods are medieval. It is ruled by science without much soul.

Charmian London does not dwell upon this. It was not obtruded upon her view, but Jack saw it and mentioned it. He was, however, so busy writing fiction and enjoying to the uttermost the sea and shore that he did not make a sermon of it.

With this grim and gray shadow upon a brilliant scene I can carry on the narrative of the joyous Londons as set down by Charmian. Here is a picture of the late Queen of Hawaii:

"To the left of the deposed princess, in a deep armchair, sat an even more interesting if not so beautiful personage—no less than Queen Lydia Kamakaeha Liliuokalani, last sovereign of the kingdom of Hawaii, sister and successor to the much traveled King Kalakaua. The Queen is rarely on view to foreigners, especially Americans, for she loves us not, albeit her consort, Gov. John Owen Dominis, dead these sixteen years, was the son of a Massachusetts captain. I was glad to be well down the line, as I had more time to watch her, for the vigor of her hot fight of but yesterday to preserve the crown of Hawaii is to me one of the most interesting dramas in history—bleeding tragedy to her. Photographs and paintings do not flatter Queen Liliuokalani. All I have seen depict a coarseness and heaviness that is entirely absent. I was therefore surprised, brought face to face with Her Majesty, to find that face rather thin, strong and pervaded with an elusive refinement that might be considered her most striking characteristic, if anything elusive can be striking. But this evasive effect, in a countenance fairly European in feature, was due, I think, to the expression of the narrow black eyes, rather close set, which gave an impression of being implacably savage in their cold hatred of everything American. . . . As near as I can figure it, she was tricked and trapped by brains for which her brain, remarkable though it be, was no match. Imagine her emotions, she who received special favor from Queen Victoria at the Jubilee in London; she who then had the present Kaiser for right hand courtier at royal banquets, and the royal escort of Duke This and Earl That upon public occasions, now sitting uncrowned, receiving her conquerors!"

The Londons did not find the leper settlement of Molokai horrible. They were struck by the contentment, even gayety, of the lepers, and especially by the charity and efficiency of those caring for and studying the patients.

"The settlement lies on a low triangle, a sort of wide based peninsula, selected by Dr. Hutchinson in 1865, shut effectively off as it is from the rest of the island to the south by a formidable wall rising over two thousand feet against the deep blue sky—a wall of mystery, for it is well nigh unscalable except by the bands of wild goats. . . . The only trail out of or into this isolated lowland zigzags the bare face of the pali near its northern end, at the seagirt extremity of the settlement reserve. A silvery green cluster of kukui trees marks the beginning of the trail, not far up from the water's edge. Thus far and no further may the residents of the peninsula stray. . . . At the chill hour of 4 all passengers for Kalaupapa were landed in a rough and ready lifeboat through breakers which, to our regret, were the reverse of boisterous. . . . The merest fitful whisper of air was stirring, and there was something solemn in our progress, deep dipping oars sending the heavy boat in large, slow rhythm over a broad swell and under the frown of a wall of darker darkness against the jeweled southern sky. The landing is a small concrete breakwater, into the crooked arm of which we slipped, trusting in the lantern gleam to hands of natives that reached to help. We wondered, entirely without alarm, if they were leprous fingers we grasped, but rested upon fate and climbed our spryest. The wall was rimmed with sitting figures, and when our twenty-five passengers set foot on the cement some were greeted in low, hesitant Hawaiian speech as if by acquaintances. In the flicker of the swinging lanterns we saw a white woman's anxious face and two pale hands stretched out. . . . It took all our steel at first to avoid shrinking from their hideousness; but, assured as we were of the safety of mingling, our concern was to let them know we were unafraid. And it made such a touching difference. From out their watchful silence and bashful loneliness they emerged into their natural carefree Hawaiian spirits. For, you must know, all leprosy is not painful. There is what is termed the anaesthetic variety, which twists and deforms but which ceases from twinging as the disease progresses or is arrested and the nerves go to sleep.

The work and devotion of the scientists of Hawaii in the study of leprosy, as also of those in other countries, have finally reached the goal that a few years ago was not conceived as possible of attainment. By the injection of chaulmoogra oil, taken from an Indian plum tree, many cases of leprosy have been cured. The outlook, according to the best authorities, is that leprosy will be eradicated, at least in civilized communities. Hundreds of former lepers have been pronounced freed from the leprosy bacilli, and though there has not yet been time for treating all known lepers in the world, the settlement in Hawaii is fast being depopulated by the use of the chaulmoogra medicine.

The Londons made the dangerous ascent of the Molokai precipice to reach the other side of the island from the leper settlement.

"At 11 o'clock yesterday, on our diminutive beasts, we bade farewell under the cluster of kukuis where our friends had accompanied us on the beginning of the ascent, and proceeded to wage the sky questing, arid pathway, for this section of the pali is almost bare of vegetation. Short stretches as scary we have ridden; it is the length of this climb that tries—angling upon the stark face of a 2,300 foot barrier. They told me, when I bestrode the short, strong back of the mule Makaha, to "stay by her until the summit is reached. She never fails.' Implicitly I obeyed, for the very good reason that I would have been loath to trust my own feet, let alone my head. Never a stumble did her tiny twinkling hoofs make, even where loose stony soil crumbled and fell a thousand feet and more into the sea that wrinkled oilily far below, and the hardy muscle and lungs of her seemed to put forth no unusual effort."

Sometimes an angle was so acute that she and the ponies were forced to swing on hind legs to reach the upper zigzag, where poised front hoofs must grip into sliding stones or feel for hold among large, fixed rocks, and the rider lie forward on the horse's neck. A miss meant something less than a half mile of catapultic descent through blue space into the blue ocean. Once Jack glimpsed destruction from the guide's horse that slipped and scrambled and almost parted from the zigzag immediately overhead. There were places where it seemed incredible that anything less agile than a goat could stick.

Jack London died planning to live again in Hawaii. Charmian returned to the islands a few months ago.

"I went back, alone, and in that aloneness there was something very solemn. Of course I went back. One who knows Hawaii always goes back. The old lure abides; nor does it abate when the vessel's forefoot, spurning the silver flying fish, is heard *thripping* into the azure silken sea level, which betokens nearness to remembered isles. Again "the old lost stars wheel back'; again the yardarm of the Southern Cross leans upon the night purple horizon; again the old, lovely approach to Oahu, with Molokai sleeping to the southeast."

The last page or two of "Our Hawaii" afford an interesting picture of the departure of a liner from Honolulu for America, a scene I have participated in so often I can see it now as vividly as it is portrayed here:

"On the big wharf was scarcely standing room for those come to God speed the ship. The faces of the passengers were regretful, no matter what their pleasure of homegoing. Bedecked with wreaths, they struggled through the flowery crush to reinforce the crowded steamer rails that appeared like tiered garden walls. The embracing was over, the eyes to eyes farewells that tried to remain composed. Jack Atkinson, who at the last took charge of breasting a way for me to the gangplank, handed me through the gate. I was banked to the eyes with the rarest leis of roses, violets, plumeria, proud ilimia and all. It being a warm March day, and the weight of flowers very palpable, one felt much as if in a perfumed Turkish bath. Leaning over the topmost rail, trying to locate faces in the dense gathering, I realized again all the sweetness of my welcome and parting. Diffidently, desolately I had approached our Hawaii. As I had been welcomed for two, so I departed for two, and my speeding was twofold. And now in my heart was gratitude and happiness for the renewed love and trust that made it my Hawaii. The hawsers were cast off, the band melted into Aloha Oe, the streams of serpentine began to part and blossoms to fly, as the *Matsonia* got under way. Something made me glance down at the stringer piece of the pier. A handsome Hawaiian youth stood looking aloft at me in mute distress, holding up fathoms of pink cables made from stripped carnations. He had failed to get aboard with them in time. It was Kalakaua Kawananakoa. Princess David had sent him in her stead, for I had made her promise that she would not brave the exhaustion of the merry mob. Then I lost track of the young prince. A few moments later one of the music boys came to me bearing the royal ropes of flowers, five inches in diameter, which Kalakaua had somehow contrived to land on the lower deck across the widening gap. Still unable to detect his among the myriad faces, I swung the wondrous lariat, letting out its yards about my flower crowned head, that he might know the gift was safely mine. With a sob in the throat I recalled Jack's words, that last time I had stood in the same place at the Matsonia's hurricane rail, 'Of all lands of joy and beauty under the sun. . . .' But always the sob must turn to song, in contemplation of that beauty and joy. Not alone because it was Jack London's loveland do I adore Hawaii and her people. To me, native and kamaaina alike, have they given their heart of sorrow and their welcome home in ways numerous and touching. To them, therefore, this book 'Our Hawaii.' To them, friends all, greeting and farewell.

"Love without end."

"Aloha pau ole."

Tihoti's Tahiti

TAHITI. By Tihoti [George Calderon]. With a portrait of the author, and fifty plates from the author's pencil sketches. Harcourt, Brace & Co.

THE preface to this collation (by his widow) of the diaries and sketch books of George Calderon is also written by Mrs. Calderon, who remarks that he had intended "to devote one section to the language, of which he had made a very careful study, and another section to the more remote history of the island, its manners and customs. . . . No one but himself could tell how he meant to deal with his copious notes on the language; the second is represented by a few pages in 'In Tairapu,' where some of his notes are put together with his own comments. . . . The book inevitably shows unevenness. . . ."

George Calderon, an Englishman connected with the Spanish family of that name, was born in 1878, and killed at Gallipoli in 1915. Scholar, student, painter, writer of plays, he is characterized by an old friend, Mr. G. F. Bradley, as "a paladin who had at last found the Great Cause for which he could fight and die." And this trait was but one manifestation, says Mr. Bradley, "why memories of George go back continuously to the eighties, when he was a boy at Rugby and I a junior master. To know him was a romance. He was always vivid and picturesque, and like nobody else . . . the most versatile as well as the most attractive of companions. . . . He was the most original man I have ever known. . . . Nobody was ever more independent than he of external influences, so little dominated by his surroundings. It was all a part, I think, of his intense mental honesty. He never looked at the facts of life through the spectacles of convention, but always with his own eyes. . . . He belonged to the type of man to whom life is neither a holiday nor an opportunity for acquiring comfort, but a great adventure. In the Middle Ages he would have been a Crusader; in the Renaissance, when learning was the adventurous thing, he would have been a scholar."

Mr. Calderon tells us that he had visited Tahiti in 1906, and its people and their life had sank deeply into his heart, but he put his diaries aside for some years in order that he might recall the memory in due perspective. He began to write his book in the winter of 1913-14, and his pleasure was deep when he was able to recapture his old sense of the wonderful island. In one of his manuscripts he remarked: "Everything set down in this book is true. I have thought it important, for a right understanding of individual lines, and thereby a conglomeration of detail, to give a picture of the whole, to put down personal details which I have been told or found out about people. The only untruth is that I have sufficiently disguised the personality of those of whom they are told, so that no one should recognize them."

His book will be found a record of historic and permanent value. A few extracts may hint at its quality, but it will amply repay full reading nd study; the late William Churchill, who had lived for years in the islands, and whose monumental work on Polynesian dialects was compiled for the Carnegie Foundation, would have rejoiced in so cool, yet sympathetic, a study of this singularly "fortunate isle." An able critic has remarked that it is "the description by a writer—one of the few—who has left the South Seas unintoxicated." His introductory sentences are a keynote:

"Tahiti is an island about the size of Middlesex, fished up in the first gray beginning of all things from the middle of the Pacific Ocean on a mother o' pearl hook by some three fingered god of the Polynesians. It is a green group of mountains rising suddenly out of the deep sea, and about its sides the coral insects have built a narrow terrace, which has got covered, in the course of ages, with a fertile soil and an exuberant vegetation. In the hollows of the mountains, in almost impenetrable thickets, live pigs, goats, rats, lizards and wild poultry. Man dwells only on the seashore and in the lower parts of the broad, winding rivers. . . .

"There is no winter there; flowers and fruits are always in season. There are no dangerous beasts or venomous insects; no malaria or fever; there is food wherever you go, good drinking water in every stream, shelter enough of nights under every tree, and the people are beautiful, happy and kind. . . .

"The Europeans and Americans

George Calderon.